

# THOMAS AND SALLY

OR THE

## SAILORS RETURN.

A

*MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT*

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

*A NEW EDITION.*



L O N D O N.

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, T. LOWNDS, W. NICOLL

and BECKET and DE HONDT.

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE public has made so little difficulty hitherto, in swallowing nauseous, or, at best, insipid verses, when they have been wrapped up in agreeable music; that to offer a word, either by way of defence, or apology, for the following trifle, seems altogether unnecessary.

It will be easily believed, that the author did not write it with a view to acquire the reputation of a genius: he must be a simpleton indeed, who hopes to give people an idea of his wealth by shewing them a hand-

ful of farthings. He wrote it merely to comply with the request of a theatrical person, whom he had an inclination to oblige; it was designed and finished in somewhat less than a fortnight; and his excuse for now suffering it to appear in print (and he really thinks such an excuse necessary) must be the nature of a musical entertainment, which requires, that the words should be put into the hands of the audience, who would otherwise find it impossible to accompany the performers in what they sing upon the stage.

HE is no stranger to the whimsical prejudice, which inclines most people to measure the worth of dramatic pieces by their length; and because a musical entertainment is unavoidably the shortest of any,  
makes



makes them, for that reason, deny its being capable of any degree of merit at all. But though what he here ventures into the world, is neither a Tragedy, a Comedy, or even so much as a Comedy of two acts; he flatters himself, there are some few, who will not condemn it, merely because it is not, what it was not designed for: he hopes they will consider, that when he sat down to write it, he sat down to write a musical entertainment; and that a certain poet and critic, who is allowed to have been a tolerable judge in such matters, has told us, no author can compass more than he intends.

IF after this any person have an inclination to find fault with it, they are heartily welcome; nay, he will so far subscribe

to their opinion, as to confefs, there are some as bad lines in it, as the worſt dabblers in ſing-ſong ever were guilty of; but he thought it needleſs to correct them, as every thing of this kind muſt be caſtrated, in order to make it perfectly muſical; and ſtretched and altered, to fit the ſhape of the ſtage. However, he would certainly point out the exceptionable lines, to ſhew he is not ignorant of them; but that he takes it for granted, there will be people enough ready to ſave him that trouble.

THUS far by way of Preface; which the author has written, only becauſe he is aſſured there is nothing ſo acceptable to the purchaſers of any thing in the form of a book, now-a-days, as a reaſonable penny-worth in print and paper; and he had a  
mind

## P R E F A C E.

mind to avail himself of the advantages attending an additional half sheet.

FOR the same reason too he might possibly have attempted a Dedication; but, unfortunately, the only personages likely to patronize his performance are united in a particular society; and he was at a loss in what manner to order their titles, so as to make a proper blazon at the head of a page. However, in this place he would be understood to inscribe the following rhimes to those vagrant choristers, who, like the bards of old, sing verses about the public streets; and if, when they have thought proper to advance his ballads to a place in the Chimney-sweeper's Garland, the Sweet-heart's Delight, or any other of their ingenious collections they should (thro' their  
novelty,

novelty, and the prevailing argument of playhouse tunes) be the means of rendering more reasonable in their demands those grinders of the muses, who have the conscience to expect six and thirty pretty songs in one book for a halfpenny; he shall think the time and pains they cost him in composing, very well bestowed.

To conclude: The author thinks there is no doubt, on account of the music, which is admirable, and the performance, which will be excellent, but this little piece must succeed upon the stage; but after having been acquitted there, he foresees, some busy people will be for bringing it before the judges in the court of criticism. Now he applies himself to the said judges, requiring them to consider all such proceedings



ceedings as arbitrary, at least, if not unprecedented: he desires, that they will suffer the insignificancy of this piece, to screen it from their cognizance; and that they will not attempt to break a butterfly upon a wheel.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The SQUIRE, Mr. *Mattocks*,  
THOMAS, Mr. *Dubellamy*.

SALLY, Mrs. *Pinto*.  
DORCAS, Mrs. *Thompson*.

DRURY-LANE.

Mr. *Dod*.  
Mr. *Vernon*.

Mrs. *Arne*.  
Mrs. *Love*.

SCENE, The COUNTRY.

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# THOMAS and SALLY.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Village at the Foot of a Hill, with a Cottage more advanced than the rest on one Side. SALLY discovered spinning at the Door.*

**M**Y time how happy once, and gay!  
Oh! blithe I was as blithe could be:  
But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!  
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,  
Though all their arts are lost on me;  
For I can never love but one,  
And he, alas! is gone to sea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair,  
To dances on the neighb'ring lea;  
But how can I in pleasure share,  
While my true love is out at sea?

The flowers droop till light's return,  
The pidgeon mourns its absent she;  
So will I droop, so will I mourn,  
Till my true love comes back from sea.

B

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

SALLY, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

What will you never quit this idle trade?  
 Still, still in tears?—Ah, you're a foolish maid!  
 In time have prudence, your own int'rest see;  
 Youth lasts not always; be advis'd by me.

That May-day of life is for pleasure,  
 For singing, for dancing, and show;  
 Then why will you waste such a treasure,  
 In sighing and crying——heigho!  
 Let's copy the bird in the meadows,  
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;  
 Fly round, and coquet as she does,  
 And never sit crying——heigho!

Though when in the arms of a lover,  
 It sometimes may happen, I know,  
 That, e'er all our toying is over,  
 We cannot help crying——heigho!  
 In age ev'ry one a new part takes,  
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so;  
 When old you may cry till your heart aches,  
 But no one will mind you——heigho!

SALLY.

Leave me.

DORCAS.



## D O R C A S.

Go to——I come to make you glad,  
 Odfooks, what's here? this folly sets me mad.  
 You're grieving, and for whom?—'tis pretty sport—  
 For one that gets a wife at ev'ry port!

## S A L L Y.

Dorcas, for shame, how can you be so base!  
 Or after this, look Thomas in the face!  
 His ship's expected.

## D O R C A S.

Tell not me—— the 'Squire ——  
 As Tom is yours, you are his heart's desire.  
 Then why so peevish, and so froward still?  
 He'll make your fortune; let him have his will.

## S A L L Y.

Were I as poor as wretch can be,  
 As great as any monarch, he;  
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,  
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye Pow'rs! I ask not wealth;  
 Grant me but innocence and health.  
 Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?  
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

## S C E N E III.

## D O R C A S.

Well, go your ways—I cannot chuse but smile;  
 Wou'd I were young again—alas! the while;  
 But what are wishes——wishes will not do:  
 One cannot eat one's cake and have it too.

When I was a young one, what girl was like me?  
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee:  
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er  
 A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.  
 To all that come near I had something to say;  
 'Twas this, Sir—and that, Sir—but scarce ever nay;  
 And Sundays, drefs'd out in my filks and my lace,  
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty, I got me a husband—poor man!  
 Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can;  
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws;  
 And jealous——though truly I gave him some cause.  
 He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone;  
 Egad, I've a tongue——and I paid him his own.  
 Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,  
 Stand firm to our charter——and have the last word.  
 But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;  
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago;  
 This Time's a fore foe, there's no shunning his dart;  
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.  
 Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance;  
 I still love a tune, though unable to dance;  
 And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,  
 I teach that to others, I once did myself.

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

*The 'SQUIRE appears descending the Hill with*  
HUNTSMEN.

## 'S Q U I R E.

Hark, hark, the shrill horn calls the sportsmen abroad;  
To horse, my brave boys, and away;  
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
Upbraids our too tedious delay.  
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!  
O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies;  
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him. Huzza!  
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;  
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,  
And lose the fatigues of the day!  
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;  
Dull wisdom all happiness fours:  
Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S C E N E V.

*The 'SQUIRE returning after the HUNTSMEN are gone off, knocks at SALLY's Door, who comes out of the Cottage.*

S A L L Y.

Ah! whither have my heedless steps betray'd?

S Q U I R E.

Where wou'd you fly? of whom are you afraid?  
Here's neither spectre, ghost, nor goblin nigh;  
Nor any one——but Cupid, you, and I.

S A L L Y.

Unlucky!

'S Q U I R E.

'Sdeath! she sets me all on fire:  
Bewitching girl! I languish with desire.  
But wherefore do you shrink, and trembling stand,  
So coy, so silly?

S A L L Y.

Pray, sir, loose my hand.

'S Q U I R E.



## 'SQUIRE.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,  
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain  
 My wild desires to rally;  
 But now they're of themselves come home,  
 And, frange! no longer seek to roam:  
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one damps my joy,  
 And cries I court but to destroy:  
 Can love with ruin tally?  
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,  
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,  
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter far  
 Than jessamine and roses are,  
 Or lilies of the valley;  
 O follow Love, and quit your fear,  
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,  
 And make me blest in Sally.

## SALLY.

Sir, you bemean yourself; and to be free,  
 Some lady you should chuse of fit degree:  
 I am too low, too vulgar——

'SQUIRE.

## 'S Q U I R E.

Rather say,  
 There's some more favour'd rival in the way:  
 Some happy sweetheart in your thoughts takes place;  
 For him you keep your favours; that's the case.

## S A L L Y.

Well, if it be, 'tis neither shame nor sin:  
 An honest lad he is, of honest kin:  
 No higher than my equal I pretend:  
 You have your answer, Sir, and there's an end.

## 'S Q U I R E.

Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd;  
 Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away:  
 I'll give you this purse too; and, hark you, beside,  
 We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long summer's day.

## S A L L Y.

Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd,  
 Oh! should hapless Sally consent to be naught!  
 Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;  
 The heart's not worth gaining which is to be bought.

## 'S Q U I R E.

Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue;  
 But know, above scandal you then shall be put;  
 And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,  
 At druggle-tail chastity walking a-foot.

S A L L Y.

If only thro' fear of the world I was shy,  
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;  
It's pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;  
But how, tell me how, I should purchase my own.

'S Q U I R E.

Leave morals to grey-beards, those lips were design'd  
For better employment.

S A L L Y.

I will not endure——

'S Q U I R E.

Oh fye, child! Love bids you be rich, and be kind;

S A L L Y.

But virtue commands me—Be honest and poor.

END of the FIRST ACT.

C

A C T

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The Sea Side.*

THOMAS, *with Sailors, enters in a Boat, from which, they land.*

T H O M A S.

**A**VAST, my boys, avast; all hands ashore:  
 Mefs-mates, what cheer? Old England, hey! once more.  
 I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice;  
 Out with your presents, boys, and take your choice.  
 I've an old sweetheart——but look there's the town;  
 Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down,

How happy is the failor's life,  
 From coast to coast to roam;  
 In every port he finds a wife,  
 In ev'ry land a home.  
 He loves to range,  
 He's no where strange;  
 He ne'er will turn his back,  
 To friend or foe;  
 No, masters, no;  
 My life for honest Jack.

Chorus. He loves to range, &c.

If faucy foes dare make a noise,  
 And to the sword appeal;  
 We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,  
 With whom they have to deal.

We



We know no craft, but 'fore and aft'  
Lay on our strokes amain;  
Then, if they're stout, for t'other bout,  
We drub 'em o'er again.

Chorus. We know no craft, &c.

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,  
Our hearts are never dull;  
The pocket that to-day ebbs low,  
To-morrow shall be full;  
For if so be, we want, d'ye see,  
A pluck of this here stuff;  
In Indi--a, and Ameri--ca,  
We're sure to find enough.

Chorus. For if so be, &c.

Then bless the king, and bless the state,  
And bless our captains all;  
And ne'er may chance unfortunate,  
The British fleet befall;  
But prosp'rous gales, where'er she sails;  
And ever may she ride,  
Of sea and shore, till time's no more,  
The terror and the pride.

Chorus. But prosp'rous gales, &c.

## S C E N E II.

'SQUIRE, DORCAS.

'SQUIRE.

In vain I've ev'ry wily art assay'd,  
 Nor promises can tempt, nor vows persuade;  
 No prospect of success is left me now:  
 How shall I gain her?

DORCAS.

Why I'll tell you how.  
 This way she comes; the wench is full of pride,  
 Lay oaths, and vows, and promises aside:  
 Often, when regular approaches fail,  
 Besiegers storm a place, and so prevail.

All you who would wish to succeed with a lass,  
 Learn how the affair's to be done;  
 For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,  
 You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,  
 As far as you please you may run;  
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,  
 But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine;  
 But mark you the consequence, mun;  
 The baggage will think herself really divine,  
 And scorn you as sure as a gun.

Then

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,  
And no opportunity shun;  
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,  
But mum———she's as sure as a gun.

## S C E N E III.

SALLY, *with a Milking-Pail.*

How cruel those who, with ungen'rous aim,  
Strive to seduce, and bring poor maids to shame!  
That brutish 'Squire! but wherefore should I fear?  
I ne'er can turn false-hearted to my dear.  
No, when he came his last farewell to take,  
He bid me wear this token for his sake;  
He shall not prove me fickle and unkind;  
Or say, that———out of fight was out of mind.

Auspicious spirits guard my love,  
In time of danger near him bide;  
With out-spread wings around him move,  
And turn each random-ball aside.  
And you his foes, though hearts of steel,  
Oh! may you then with me accord;  
A sympathetic passion feel,  
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds your bluff'ring fury leave ;  
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep ;  
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave  
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.  
 Till Halcyon Peace return'd, once more,  
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,  
 My sailor views his native shore,  
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

## S C E N E IV.

'SQUIRE, SALLY.

'SQUIRE.

Well met, pretty maid ;  
 Nay, don't be afraid ;  
 I mean you no mischief, I vow ;  
 Psha! what is't you ail ?  
 Come, give me your pail,  
 And I'll carry it up to your cow.

SALLY.

Pray let it alone,  
 I've hands of my own,  
 Nor need yours to help me--forbear !  
 How can you persist ?  
 I won't, sir, be kist,  
 Nor teaz'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.

'SQUIRE.



## 'S Q U I R E.

In yon lonely grove  
I ſaw an alcove,  
'All round the ſweet violet ſprings;  
And there was a thruſh,  
Hard by in a buſh,  
'T'wou'd charm you to hear how he ſings,

## S A L L Y.

But hark! pr'ythee hark!  
Look yonder's a lark!  
It warbles and pleaſes me ſo,  
To hear the ſoft tale  
O' th' ſweet nightingale  
I wou'd not be tempted to go.

## 'S Q U I R E.

Then here we'll fit down:  
Come, come, never frown!  
No longer my bliſs I'll retard;  
Kind Venus ſhall ſpread,  
Her veil over head,  
And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

'SQUIRE, SALLY, THOMAS.

T H O M A S.

What's this I see? May I believe my eyes?  
A pirate just about to board my prize!  
'Tis well I this way chanc'd my course to steer.  
Sal, what's the matter?

S A L L Y.

Thomas!

'S Q U I R E,

'Sdeath! who's here?

Fellow, be gone, or---

T H O M A S.

Larn your phrase to mend:  
Do you sheer off, or else I'll make you, friend.  
Let go the wench, I claim her for my share,  
And now lay hands upon her--if you dare.

'S Q U I R E.

## 'S Q U I R E.

Saucy rascal, this intrusion  
 You shall answer to your cost:  
 Bully'd!---scandaliz'd!---confusion!  
 All my schemes and wishes crost.

## T H O M A S.

Hark you, Master, keep your distance;  
 'Sblood, take notice what I say:  
 There's the channel, no resistance,  
 Tack about, and bear away,

## S A L L Y.

Wou'd you wrest our freedom from us?—  
 Now my heart has lost it's fear:  
 Oh! my best, my dearest Thomas,  
 Sure some angel brought you here.

## 'S Q U I R E.

Since her paltry inclination,  
 Stoops to such a thing as you;  
 Thus I make a recantation,  
 Wretched, foolish girl, adieu!

D

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

SALLY, THOMAS.

SALLY.

Oh! welcome, welcome! How shall I impart  
 The joy this happy meeting gives my heart?  
 Now, Tom, in safety stay at home with me,  
 And never trust again that treach'rous sea.

THOMAS.

Excuse me, Sal, while mighty George has foes,  
 On land, and main, their malice I'll oppose.  
 But hang this talking, my desires are keen;  
 You see yon steeple, and know what I mean.

Let fops pretend in flames to melt,  
 And talk of pangs they never felt;  
 I speak without disguise or art,  
 And with my hand bestow my heart.

SALLY.

Let ladies prudishly deny,  
 Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye;  
 I own the passion in my breast,  
 And long to make my lover blest.

THO.

## T H O M A S.

For this the sailor, on the mast,  
Endures the cold and cutting blast;  
All dripping wet, wears out the night,  
And braves the fury of the fight.

## S A L L Y.

For this the virgin pines and fighs,  
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes;  
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,  
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

## B O T H.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,  
The British virgins will be kind:  
Protect their beauty from alarms,  
And they'll repay you with its charms.

T H E E N D.











